

Rick Ross

"Reppin' My City"

Visit "[Reppin' My City](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I be reppin' my city
I be reppin' my city
I be reppin' my city
I be reppin' my city
Er-er-er'y night

I be reppin' my city
I be reppin' my city
I be reppin' my city
No one can do it better

I be reppin' my city
I be reppin' my city
I be reppin' my city
I be reppin' my city
Er-er-er'y night

I be reppin' my city
I be reppin' my city
I be reppin' my city
No one can do it better

Let the top back on the Chevy
Then I crank up the boom
Smellin' Issey Miyake
Soon as I step in the room

Hundred thousand in jewels
That's a whole lotta moves
So what's a soldier to do
Standin' in his bloody boots

Yeah, I'm fresh outta boot camp
Ain't gotta food stamp
Counterfeit bills will get you killed
Now where the goons at

It's poppin' in Opalocka
Floppin' them candy paints
Chrome Daytons, 12 pack
Of 12s in the seven Trey

Still hustle everyday
Dade County be the place
Get murdered for a burger
With a nickle-plated burner

Still burnin' rubber, bustin' rubbers
And these bitches under cover
Tell the truth, I ain't a lover
But I fuck her like I love her boss

I be reppin' my city
I be reppin' my city
I be reppin' my city
I be reppin' my city
Er-er-er'y night

I be reppin' my city
I be reppin' my city
I be reppin' my city
No one can do it better

I be reppin' my city
I be reppin' my city
I be reppin' my city
I be reppin' my city
Er-er-er'y night

I be reppin' my city
I be reppin' my city
I be reppin' my city
No one can do it better

I be reppin' my city
I be grippin' them cities
I be flippin' them pennies
Turn 'em to good and plenty

I be strokin' that pussy
I be smokin' that kushie
I be flippin' them flounders
They be huntin' my bounty

I'm the face of the hood
Every place in the hood
Triple C's in there
Come get a taste of my hood

I'm the captain of the corner
Khaki's and Coronas
Now we gotta show 'em
So let's patch 'em up and blow 'em

Now, blow the dice, shake 'em
Roll 'em, don't throw 'em
Hand clap, where it's at
Nigga show me somethin'

Out in sixty, Opalock, overtime, city buy
You know how we get it Don
Nigga, that's how I bet a thou
Project Poe, I'm the project hoe

That means, every time I talk
The projects spoke
And we in the same struggle
So the projects know

Gotta million dollar profit
Singin' project notes just know

I be reppin' my city
I be reppin' my city
I be reppin' my city
I be reppin' my city
Er-er-er'y night

I be reppin' my city
I be reppin' my city
I be reppin' my city
No one can do it better

I be reppin' my city
I be reppin' my city
I be reppin' my city
I be reppin' my city
Er-er-er'y night

I be reppin' my city
I be reppin' my city
I be reppin' my city
No one can do it better

(This what I'm talkin' 'bout right here Poe)
Wherever I'm at I'm good nigga, hood nigga
First sign of problems, eliminate
Wish a nigga would act

Like he can't have rappers slip out the boroughs
Rosero, with the word, roses hit your mirror?
Cartel representas, center of the war zone
Super cats on the coupe, cover of the whole zone

Catch me in the Source, double XL rated
Next to million dollar Nextel
Workin', ain't trippin' other checks now
Super sells so the pussy's platinum

Back to the basics
You in danger at 16 with the beam
One in the chamber aimed at that 0, 7
Got the chopper close by

Head bussa from the Bronx
Rep my city every night
Hundred thousand worth of ice
Tight work, boy that's life work

Crystal clear starin' make your eyes hurt
Time for the new breed, Triple C
Custom cars and cycles
Psycho path for my math
Put my hand on the pipe torch

I be reppin' my city
I be reppin' my city
I be reppin' my city
I be reppin' my city
Er-er-er'y night

I be reppin' my city
I be reppin' my city
I be reppin' my city
No one can do it better

I be reppin' my city
I be reppin' my city
I be reppin' my city
I be reppin' my city
Er-er-er'y night

I be reppin' my city
I be reppin' my city
I be reppin' my city
No one can do it better

I be reppin' my city
I be reppin' my block
I be reppin' my hood
I be reppin' the locks

Welcome to dade county
This the bottom of the beaker
Where the beach is sexy blue

And the cocaine cheaper

High nine five nigga, let me ride
I'm in that dolphin-colored S5
Fire, look at me
I'm bouncin' with that chick

Got the grill out my left fold
See how now I live
Call me Mr. Stephon
I gotta plush seat from Ingo P

Just know I rep my city thru Miami's E
Yea, I'm Miami's baby
Brisco to Opalocka, goon come save me

Visit [Rick Ross](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.